



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

A FALSE STATEMENT

We re-print the following from the Pine Cone's "Sunset Student School Edition" of last week, and protest its publication therein:

By IRVING WILLIAMS
Sixth Grade

I am one of Carmel's business men. My first experience was a year ago when I decided to make a little money. I took out twenty Cymbals. I didn't sell any until out of the blue sky it started raining. I asked one lady, and she said, "All right, I'll take one," and to my amazement she used it as an umbrella over her head. Others followed her example, until I had sold every one in about a half hour, which gave me about 50 cents.

We herewith charge the Pine Cone with deliberately encouraging the youth of our city to write statements that are patently untrue. How could it "out of the blue sky" have started raining?

**SOMETHING FOR CARMEL
BUSINESS PEOPLE TO
GIVE A THOUGHT TO**

We wonder how many of Carmel's Ocean Avenue property owners and merchants saw this editorial item in a recent issue of the San Francisco Chronicle:

"More power to the State Chamber of Commerce in its urging of distinctive California towns to preserve their individual character. There are so few of these left in these days of chromium, stucco and streamlining that it would be a pity to have them all disappear. They ought to realize that their distinctive character is their charm. It is an asset their people never can regain if they let a zeal for 'modernization' make their towns stereotypes of a thousand others scattered over the country."

There is something for Carmel to ponder on. The merchants who are thinking today only of space for parking automobiles are penny wise and potous foolish. There are many of them who, if they dared to be honest about it, would favor the elimination of trees and shrubs on Ocean avenue entirely. They would have no qualms about strangling the goose, blind as they are to the fact that the fowl will continue, if allowed to live, to lay their golden eggs.

A beautiful, tree-ful, distinctive Ocean avenue will increase, not diminish the business of marts of trade along its borders. This is just as certain as it is that Carmel business has grown to its present proportions because of the natural attractiveness of the town bringing here, as it has, more and more people to establish homes and seek markets to stock them with food.

During the past year two suggestions have been made for enhancing the attractiveness, the charm and the desirability of Carmel for a class of person who combines artistic appreciation with a well-stocked bank account. Both were considered wild suggestions and, to a degree, both are wild. One was by Allen Griffin: that Carmel be fenced in and tall gates established, compelling people to pay to enter our confines. The other was by Paul Ruthling: That all parking of automobiles, all driving

(Continued on Page Two)

CARMEL CYMBAL

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5 CENTS

Central Parking Is Out

ED. EWIG AWFULLY MAD

Ed Ewig is mad!

He threatens to pack up and leave town.

He threatens to start what he calls a "referendum" petition to block the city council's action in abolishing central parking of automobiles on Ocean avenue.

He says the council's action will create the biggest mess any city has ever seen.

Ed Ewig is awful mad!

Some of his reactions were expressed out loud to the city council Wednesday night. Others were shot at the backs of three members of the press, sitting in front of him in the council lobby.

"We'll start out tomorrow morning," he told the press, "and get 140 names on a referendum petition. It'll be easy. We've already got 300 names on our petition." (In fact, they had 222.)

Then he wanted to bet The Cymbal editor \$10 his "referendum" would carry.

Ed has probably cooled down by the time this appears in print. He has probably been cooled down by some of the wiser heads in the Carmel Business Association. He has probably been told, for one thing, that you can't start a referendum on a resolution by the council. He has probably by now learned that "we," as he stated the pronoun, will have to start an initiative petition, frame an ordinance to accompany it, and get signatures on a proposal of his own for solving the traffic problem. He has probably come to the conclusion through sober thought that he bit off in his anger at the council meeting much more than he can chew.

Ed Ewig had better look a little bit out. If he will cast his commercial eye over the 277 names on the citizens' committee's statement of approval of the council's action, names signed with eagerness and enthusiasm, he may find a considerable number whom he had better not circumvent in their desire for a beautiful city.

And if the Carmel Business Association wants to maintain its existence and its integrity, it had better, as Bob Garrett suggested at the council meeting Wednesday night, look into the matter of how far and how persistently it is being swung around by the tail by a certain group of Ocean avenue merchants and property owners.

COUNCIL BACKS BACH FESTIVAL WITH \$100

Declaring the annual Bach Festival to be the best possible advertisement Carmel could possibly have, bringing as it does to this city the kind of people we like to have here, the Carmel City Council Wednesday night unanimously appropriated the sum of \$100 to aid in its promotion and advertising.

The action was taken on a request from Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, producers of the Festival, in which they set forth that this most important event in Carmel's year, although having arrived at the point of national consequence, yet failed to meet its costs. The letter from Miss Denny and Miss Watrous set forth the wide scope of the Carmel Bach Festival advertising and announced that this year of the Fourth Annual Festival, the National Broadcasting Company is putting the initial concert on a country-wide broadcast for an hour.

Mayor Bert Heron expressed the opinion that the producers were modest in asking so little of the city. Action also followed a communication from the Carmel Business Association urging the council to make the appropriation. "The annual Bach Festival is one of the few bright spots we have left," Councilman Bechdolt said.

Talbert and Winsor Jomelyn requested that a grade for sidewalk and curb on their property at Ocean avenue and Del Mar avenue be set. The request was granted with the understanding that the council will be permitted to pass on the kind of sidewalk planned.

The Plaza Fuel Company asked

that a grade for sidewalks and curbs be established on Sixth between Junipero and Torres. This was referred to a committee of the whole.

Percy Parkes' request for removal of curbs to permit two 24-foot driveways into his proposed driveway in market at Eighth and Dolores was referred to the street and police commissioners.

His request for a permit for a gasoline station at Eighth and Dolores was held up pending the coming into effect of the new zoning ordinance.

The Bank of Carmel wants to remove a tree to facilitate their building operations at Ocean avenue and Dolores. The council says O.K.; that the tree is no good anyway.

The council will meet again next Wednesday evening, June 15.

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BUSINESS ASSOCIATION TO MEET TONIGHT

Combining the regular monthly meeting of the Business Association and the final meeting of the Carmel Business Conference series, Capt. Shelburn Robinson will speak tonight at 8 o'clock at Pine Inn. He will lead a discussion of practical interest to all, namely, "Legal Problems and Small Claims Court."

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ALL SAINTS' CHURCH SCHOOL TO HAVE VACATION

During the vacation weeks at All Saints' Church the Church School will be discontinued but children's church services will take its place. Each Sunday morning at 10 o'clock the rector, the Rev. Carel J. Hulswé, will have a series of illustrated talks.

Council Decides To Try Diagonal Placing of Cars At the Curbs

No more central parking of automobiles on Ocean avenue.

Diagonal parking at the curbs only on Ocean avenue between Junipero and Monte Verde streets.

Time-limit parking in the business district on Ocean avenue, Sixth, Seventh, Monte Verde, Lincoln, Dolores, San Carlos and Mission streets.

A wider garden strip down the center of Ocean avenue.

This was the action of the city council at its meeting Wednesday night. Adopted by resolution, the new traffic rule takes effect immediately, or as soon as the street department can purchase and erect the necessary parking-limit signs to make enforcement legal.

What the width of the garden strip will be is a matter to be decided later. It will be not less than 10 feet and may be as wide as 16 feet.

This action on the part of the council came at 11:15 o'clock, at the end of a two-and-one-half-hour session that was as well attended by citizens and as exciting as any the Carmel legislative body has ever held.

The meeting was marked by sallies between council and lobby, between representatives of the Carmel Business Association, apparently opposed to the change, and representative citizens, most definitely in favor, of it.

The Carmel Business Association was placed in what was certainly a peculiar, and decidedly amusing position, when E. H. Ewig, chairman of its traffic committee on this matter, arose as sole spokesman for the association, and read a letter agreed upon by 24 members of his organization at a recent meeting.

The letter set forth the business association's desire to "cooperate with the city council in the matter of the beautification of Ocean avenue, and in the proper solution of whatever traffic problems exist," and then went on to urge that before any action was taken, involving expenditure of taxpayers' money, experiments be made to ascertain definitely the best course to take.

That was the gist of the letter, but following the reading of it, Ed Ewig presented a petition which did its talking out of the very opposite side of the Business Association's mouth. It requested the council to "retain central, diagonal, time-limit parking on Ocean avenue." Ignoring the fact that there never has been "central, diagonal, time-limit parking" on Ocean avenue, it was noticed by those present in the lobby that this petition, circulated by the business association, appeared to express a quite differ-

ent attitude from the letter read by Ewig.

In presenting the petition Ewig said: "We have a petition here containing more than 300 names and all are voters." (At the conclusion of the meeting a careful count showed the petition to have been signed by exactly 222 persons.)

Representing a committee of citizens, W. K. Bassett presented a "statement of approval" of council action, signed by 277 Carmel residents, citizens and shoppers. Of this number 31 are residents of adjacent communities, but who do their buying in Carmel. Eliminating these, the citizens' petition, approving council action on eliminating central parking, contains 246 names of Carmel voters and taxpayers.

Following the reading of a letter to the council from the Carmel Business Association, announcing that E. H. Ewig would be the only spokesman for the organization, a letter was read from Dr. F. C. Topping, who suggested that the council do something about levelling streets north and south of Ocean avenue before action regarding Ocean avenue parking was taken. He also suggested that the central portion be roped off for six weeks to try the experiment of prohibiting central parking.

Councilman Clara Kellogg answered him that plans had already been made for the improving of Sixth street and that gas tax money was to be used in similar improvement of other streets in the business section.

Communications were then read from the following:

For the removal of central parking—Mrs. Rice-Carter, Elaine Carter, E. A. Fraser, Major Ralph A. Coote, Marian Shand.

Against the removal—James H. Zuck, Mark Lozier, Iola Nichols, J. Fahon.

Besides Ed Ewig, those who spoke from the lobby in opposition to a change, or for a delay in action, included Mrs. Maude DeYoe, Stella Guichard, Barney Segal, and one of two others whose names we did not get.

Supporting the council in the removal of central parking were Tilly Polak, Bob Garrett, Thelma Miller, Joe Catherwood and E. A. H. Watson.

First action of the council, after the free-for-all discussion had closed, was the unanimous passage of the so-called "master" ordinance, which permits the council, either by amending ordinances or resolutions, to create new laws and regulations from time to time embracing

(Continued on Page Eleven)

of automobiles be prohibited on Ocean avenue from Junipero street to Monte Verde; that the street be turned into a wide plaza of flowers, shrubs and trees and provided with wide walks and seats in the garden resulting.

Wild ideas? Sure! But chock-full of wisdom, nevertheless. The first would attract here the best class of people; the second would make of Ocean avenue the best commercial gold mine per square foot in the whole country.

But the State of California makes Griffin's suggestion impossible, and certain laws and private property privileges make the second impractical. But while we can't even begin to think about the first proposal, we can, to a degree, put the second into effect. That is what the present Carmel city council is trying to do; what it is determined to do. And its action will not only make Carmel more attractive and livable to the people whose city it is, but it will force increased prosperity onto unreasoning merchants whose city it most decidedly is not.

—W. K. B.

THIS RIDING OF HORSES ON SIDEWALKS IS NOT A DESIRABLE THING

They may not look like sidewalks but that is what we call them and when we're not walking in the street we use them as such. Now maybe we're wrong but try as we may we can't ever remember seeing a horse walking along the sidewalk of Grant avenue or Market street. However, this is Carmel and one can do almost anything that happens to take one's fancy, so recently there has been a deluge of strangers who seem to think our sidewalks are bridle trails.

When we are walking along a bridle trail which is our right in spite of the fact we aren't a horse it isn't at all objectionable to come face to face with one of the animals, but when we go out for an afternoon stroll along one of our sidewalks the matter is entirely different.

There is an ordinance which reads: "It is hereby declared unlawful for any person to ride, drive or propel any automobile or motor cycle or to ride or drive any horse, team, mule, cow or like animal on, upon or across any sidewalk within the corporate limits of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea except at street crossings or over permanent driveways."

This ordinance seems to have little effect on the riders and not only is it dangerous and annoying to adults but it is very dangerous as far as children are concerned. It would be difficult to have signs put along all the sidewalks but it would be little enough to ask the stable owners to explain to their customers that there is such an ordinance in Carmel.

—S. F.

JUDGE ROSS FINES SEVERAL FOR TRAFFIC VIOLATIONS

William M. Miles of Fresno paid a \$10 fine in Judge Ross' court for speeding on Dolores street. Other fines paid during the past week were by Forrest E. Bookman of San Jose who was fined \$2 for violation of ordinance 90 on San Carlos street, by Herman B. Krause of San Jose who paid a \$2.50 fine and Robert N. Carlton of San Jose paid \$2.50 both for violation of ordinance 90.

Charles David Arnold of Carmel was fined \$50 for driving while intoxicated and Mrs. Richard Masten \$100 for the same offense.

Cymbal Classified Ads Pay—

Fifty-Two Sunset School Students Graduated at Impressive Program

The graduation program at Sunset School was an impressive ceremony. Fifty-two pupils walked down the aisles of the auditorium and took their places on the stage to present a program before receiving their diplomas. The graduates were all in white and the girls carried small old-fashioned bouquets.

The eighth grade girls' chorus sang Schumann's "To the Sunshine" and Beethoven's "Contentment" before the student speakers came forward. There were five topics which were handled beautifully and with the most amazing amount of poise. I'm sure there were few adults in the audience who could have spoken with such ease and capability. Howard Levinson's topic was "Farewell to Sunset" followed by Marilyn Strasburger's talk on "Personality and the Individual." June Petty told "What High School Offers" and Peter Thatcher spoke of "Roads to the Future." Following Sean Flavin's talk on "Democracy and America" the girls' chorus again took their places to sing "In the Boat" by Grieg and "I would that my Love" by Mendelssohn.

Otto W. Bardanson presented the class and Adolph G. E. Hanke, chairman of the board of school trustees, said a few words to them

before giving the diplomas.

Members of the graduating class were Elsie Beaton, Laurel Corinne Bixler, Tommy Berry, Carol Canolea, Jane Elizabeth Clark, Margot Coffin, Edith Cox, Dorothy De Amaral, Beverly Douglas, Sean Flavin.

Maevie Greenan, Virginia Grogan, Robert R. Gansel, Bobby Halter, Motje Hansen, Max Lloyd Heinrich, Eleanor Johnston, Eade Jordan, James Marvin Kelsey, William Lange, Jack Leidig, Howard B. Levinson.

Inez Frances Machado, Ellen Pearl McGrury, Annette McIndoo, Jeanette McIndoo, Katie Miranda, John Roberts Martin, William Ernest McDermaid, Bill Morrison, Jr., Donald Ray Morton, Dorothy Nixon, Cecilia Emilie Noller, John Robert Osgood.

June Petty, Leona Ramsey, Martha Rico, Pauline Robinson, Patty Ann Ryland, Patricia Rose Shepard, Marilyn Strasburger, Rhys Smith, Gordon A. Stoddard, Erlene Thompson, Charlotte Townsend, Peter Thatcher, Jr., Helen May Wermuth, Helen Wetzel, James Welsh, Larry Westcott, Richard B. Whitmer and Thomas Wilson, Jr.

Mothers' Group Plans Sale

Plans for a sale of outgrown infants' and children's clothing, toys and equipment were made at the Peninsula Mothers' Association meeting held last Friday evening at the home of Mrs. Marshall Carter. The sale will be held July 1 and 2 at the store just north of the Dolores Pharmacy. Arrangements are in the hands of Mrs. Walter Nielsen, Mrs. Fred Bambauer of Pacific Grove and Mrs. Harold Mosher of Monterey. Donations may be left with any of these three.

Twenty-two members and guests were present at the meeting which was conducted by Mrs. Cedric Rowntree. Mrs. Nielsen, chairman of the finance committee, reported that a donation of \$39.40 had been made to the Cooperative Nursery School. Mrs. Mosher, chairman of the organization committee, reported that the constitution was ready for acceptance by September when the fiscal year opens. Mrs. Carter, chairman of the membership committee, announced that anyone joining between now and September could do so for \$1.00 as a charter member and after September an initiation fee of \$1.00 would be charged in addition to yearly dues.

Following the business meeting Mrs. M. C. Holman played two piano solos and Ann Sapero sang a group of children's songs. A talk on "Posture" was given by Helen Anderson. Mrs. Homer S. Bodley, Jr., is the program chairman.

There will be no further meetings until September.

BARE'S PICTURE COMPANY SIGNS UP SPORT FILM

The Carmel-owned motion picture company, Security Pictures Corporation, signed with Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc. in New York this week for the sale of its recently-completed color picture "Miracles of Sport."

The picture, the first sport-reel ever to be filmed in color photography, was directed and produced by Dick Bare. It was pre-viewed at several Peninsula theatres a few months ago and received a great deal of favorable comment.

Test Pilot' Full Of Sensations

With the whole world now air-minded, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is presenting its first air picture in more than two years. "Test Pilot" which stars Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy, with Lionel Barrymore heading the supporting cast, comes to the Carmel Theatre this Sunday for a three-day run. The flying scenes were filmed on



airports scattered throughout Southern California and authenticity and realism were insured with the inclusion of army flying sequences.

"Test Pilot" is a dramatic story of men who risk their lives daily in the interest of aviation and it brings aviation thrills which have never before been photographed, including the terminal velocity dive, considered the most dangerous feat in aviation.

Clark Gable is cast as Jim Lane, a death-defying, dynamic test pilot content only when gambling his life against the airworthiness of a newly-designed airplane. Myrna Loy, who is famous for her portrayals of sophisticated women, shows what she can do with another kind of part, that of a Kansas farm girl, who deserts the wheatfields to become the wife of a test pilot. Spencer Tracy has another two-fisted role on a par with his highly-acclaimed performance in "Captains Courageous."

CYMBAL EDITOR ARRESTED FOLLOWING HILL ACCIDENT

W. K. Bassett, editor of THE Cymbal, was arrested by state police last Monday evening following an accident in which Leonard Thrasher, 21, son of Major C. O. Thrasher of the Presidio of San Francisco, was hurt. The accident occurred at the top of the Carmel hill. Bassett was charged with driving while intoxicated and will appear for arraignment in Monterey Monday morning.

CARMEL THEATRE

Saturday and Sunday Matinees
Doors Open 1:45 • Show Starts 2
Evening Performance
Doors Open 6:45 • Show Starts 7
Children 10¢ • Adults 30¢

Friday • June 10

Constance Bennett, Brian Aherne

MERRILY WE LIVE

Patric Knowles, Ann Sheridan

PATIENT IN ROOM 18

Saturday • June 11

Bobby and Billy Mauch

PENROD AND HIS TWIN BROTHER

John Loder, Anna Lee

NON STOP NEW YORK

Sun Mon Tues • June 12, 13, 14

Clark Gable, Myrna Loy,
Spencer Tracy

Test Pilot

Wednesday • June 15

Joan Blondell, Melvyn Douglas

THERE'S ALWAYS

A WOMAN

(Also 10-Win)

Thurs Fri • June 16, 17

Bette Davis, Henry Fonda

JEZEBEL

Frank McHugh, Jane Wyman

HE COULDN'T SAY NO

Building a Fence?

CALL CARMEL 180
For Redwood Pickets

Old or New

Plaza Fuel Co.

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Announcing

the opening of the Shop of the CARMEL GUILD OF CRAFTSMEN in the Court of the Golden Bough on Ocean Avenue near Lincoln Street. Wednesday, June 15, 1938

Inviting

the public to inspect the work of the local craftsmen which is ON EXHIBITION and FOR SALE

Jane's Cake Shop

ENGLISH TEA-ROOM

Real English Tea
[Cup Reading Free]

Strictly Homemade
Cakes, Cookies, Breads, Pies
and Jellies

IRONWORK • LEATHER • METALWARE • PHOTOGRAPHY • POTTERY
SILVER • STONES • WEAVING • WOODCARVING • ETC.

Camp Activities Fill Minds of Girl Scouts

The atmosphere of camping has begun to prevail in each Girl Scout House on the Peninsula as equipment is being hauled forth and marked for the troop camp trips to the Big Sur. Troop No. 8 of Pacific Grove will be the first to initiate the site chosen for the troop camp units when it leaves for its trip June 13.

Care has been taken to make the site safe and healthy for the campers. New canvas shelters for sleeping in inclement weather, a modern shower house and laundry room, an open meadow in which to play and a daily delivery of milk and meat will all share in the health and happiness of the camp.

Campers will be required to have a health examination not more than three days before coming to camp. A Red Cross nurse will supervise the health and meals of the camp. A senior life guard will take charge of the swimming. The program activities will be directed by Edith E. Tweedy, Girl Scout director. She will be assisted by troop leaders.

Since the troop camp will emphasize activities that are not so readily carried on at troop meetings, the nature program will include star study, exploration trips for rock specimens, and early morning bird hikes along the Big Sur River.

Style Show Is On Tonight

Carmel will see a bit of acting in an unexpected quarter tonight. The Mission Ranch Club Style Show is to be presented around a play which was written especially for the event.

Curtain is at 8:15 and the twinkling stars are Kay Bate, Kay Brownell, Betty Carr, Sally Fry, Adrienne Lillico, Bernice Riley, Susan Shallcross, Norma Shotwell, Betty Rae Sutton and Geraldine Spreckels. Besides, there are the gentlemen, whose names we are not supposed to tell you.

Helen Ware and Lloyd Weer are billed importantly on the boards and, also, Ivy Van Cott, by courtesy of I. Magnin's.

Ingenues are Pat Tarrant, Marcia and Colin Kuster.

The plot is sustained by the Cinderella Shop, Corner Cupboard, Engracia, Imelman's, Frank Louda, Jr., Jack and Jill, Anna Katz, Meagher & Co., Viennese Shop, Helene Vye and Ynez. Their "lines" are very fashionable but they, for the present, are in dark pencil. Like you, we are waiting for the curtain tonight to see them in color.

The play ends happily ever after, which gives Jewell's Flower Shop a spotlight. There's the bride's bouquet, the groom's boutonniere, the bridesmaids will carry sheaves of pastel flowers, and, we guess, the entire company wearing bright roses in finale.

David Eldridge has done a colossal job during these last few weeks, getting the show ready to go on. He has done it all so smoothly that we, who flibbergibbet in confusion, are properly astounded. It is the professional touch of David's, we realize, remembering that he had experience in these matters, having staged several successful pageants before coming to Carmel's Mission Ranch Club.

A nine-piece orchestra will play throughout the performance and, afterwards, for dancing until one. If you are lucky—you—and—you—you may dance with the "bride."

—K. W.

John Ferguson, All the Way from Glasgow, To Sing in Festival

There are many stories of how Bach, needful of seeing and hearing all music and all musicians within any possible distance, would put a pack on his back and leave his dear Thuringia, walking, on one occasion at least, three hundred miles on such a mission. So it is that the distances that people cover to come to Carmel for the purpose of taking part in the Festival grow longer and more impressive. Of course, John Ferguson of Glasgow did not walk and he did not come, strictly speaking, all the way for the purpose of singing with the band in Carmel's music fest. But he did come, and he is going to sing.

From Ayrahire in the Burns country and the Bonnie Clyde Valley: from singing soprano as a boy in the great redstone church in Glasgow, built by the Coates thread people—that stern temple with its alabaster pulpit and the great marble nave—where is one of the best choirs in Britain, it having 60 members, boys and adults.

Most of his voice training has been with the eminent Sir Hugh S. Robertson and in the tradition of choral singing where England so excels. The festivals of the British Isles, held annually in the principal cities—Blackpool, Leeds, Liverpool, London, Glasgow and others—are the great exercises and musical competitions of the country. Each town has its own choir, children's choirs, school and college choruses, Church choirs, industrial choirs and a special concert group. Contests are held and the music adjudicated. Sir Hugh is preminent as a judge, having adjudicated choirs all over the world. The Glasgow Festival, which comes in May, lasts 14 days and is the most honored festive oc-

casion of the year. Everyone sings. It must be a lovely thing. Mr. Ferguson was for many years a baritone soloist of the leading concert group, the famous Orpheus Choir of Glasgow.

The industrial choirs are recruited from all trades and industries; in Glasgow, chiefly shipping and threadmaking. When Mr. Ferguson decided to join his sister and family—now the Shotwells of Carmel—in Pittsburgh, he quickly got into the musical life of the great steel community and it was not long before he was down in grubby, steel-stench Wiarton, where the monstrous furnaces blow their night-torches against a protesting sky and the lungs are not too clean for song. To be sure, he founded and directed the Pittsburgh Orpheus Choir which is well-known for its achievements. But it was of the Wiarton children and of Pete the steel worker with the beautiful natural tenor throat that he speaks with deep devotion. I can see Pete, striding up the squalid alleys with his dinner pail, his golden voice lost in the uproar of iron and coal, wondering what would become of him when his choirmaster left. Maybe we could get Pete out here.

I wish I had space for his stories of the little folk from the poor sections of Wiarton, the small Poles and Slovaks and the children down-trodden, into whose lives he brought the blessing of song: who sang so much better for that they sang out of the same holy gratitude that inspired the men who make the songs, men like Sebastian Bach.

A welcome to the Carmel chorus, Mr. Ferguson, and the greetings of Carmel. —L. S.

SHOP TALK

Carmel has a surrealist background these days, taking the shops along the avenue under scrutiny.

The first thing we see, clipping around out of San Carlos and going down the street, is Shepherd's nutty nosegays, Peanuts, hazels, nigger toes, almonds—in their own nice brown colors, dazzled a little with shellac.

Tarrant's has a man on a purple bicycle. The man wears magenta breeches and a green coat. He's making full speed ahead for a stack of hand-baked pottery. But he can detour through the window.

Domino is not an expression of the sub-conscious, but there is something akin to the involuntary fitness of things in having a bird dog around the Game Cock. Or is there?

What prompted Hazel McIndoe to go up into a loft with a pull-the-ladder-up-after-her-ascent? There is the remembrance of decks on sea... trying to come down, anyway.

Ynez (after Schiaparelli) has just got in a parenthesis suit, which means that the bottom is scalloped after the shape of parentheses, and so is the nape of the collar. The overcoat is bowed like an Easter rabbit. Every bit of it is soft gold wool.

And Ynez also has loose powder vanities, one covered with painted quills from a bantam's wing or something, and the other stuck with colored "gum drops."

Wild hymettus honey puts a

sweet note to the end of this observation.

Merle's Treasure Chest has pots of this classic balm which is imported from Greece where the wild thyme blossoms have what it takes to have made Byron write, "There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds." The jar is an old Persian craft and a thing of color and grace such as proudly seals the delectable flavor of poets and epicures. Selah. —K. W.

Barney Peterson, staff photographer for the San Francisco Chronicle and George Murphy, a photographer for the Associated Press, are spending two weeks in Carmel staying at the Playhouse.



Your Car Needs Greasing More Often

in hot weather. Bring it in today and let us give it our complete lubrication checkup

Give your CAR more PEP!

PHIL'S TEXACO SERVICE San Carlos and Seventh, Carmel Telephone 419

ALL QUIET IN MEXICO, MINKA PEARL HEARS

Minka Pearl, planning a trip to Mexico, and a bit wondering what the internal situation there was in its relation to peaceful progress, received a letter yesterday from Hubert Herring, executive secretary of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, and is much thrilled. The letter says, in part: "I anticipate no possible threat of danger to life or limb. Mexican revolutions are usually quite harmless. In this case, it looks now as though Cardenas had Cerdillo pretty well quarantined. The excitements promised will therefore be ideas, not bullets. The ferment of oil and consequent troubled international relations will make Mexico the mecca for students of foreign affairs."

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Cymbal Classified Ads Pay—

STEEN SCONHOFT'S MEMORY HONORED IN SAN PEDRO

The memory of Steen Sconhoft, whose untimely death last year was deeply mourned by those in Carmel who knew him, has been fittingly honored in his home city of San Pedro. Newspaper clippings from the south tell us that the Creative Arts Studio of San Pedro is offering a Steen Sconhoft Art Scholarship to students of the city's high school. It will consist of a full 10-weeks' course in painting, life drawing and sculpture.

And then we read that a memorial art exhibit of Steen Sconhoft's work will be shown for three weeks at the Creative Art Studio in San Pedro. It was news to us here on THE CYMBAL, perhaps not to others who knew Steen better, that he was an artist of considerable talent. The clipping we have says: "Although Steen acquired fame as a singer, his real forte was paintings."

CARMEL ART INSTITUTE
SEVEN ARTS COURT
CHILDREN'S OUTDOOR SKETCH CLASS
with Anna Marie Beer
MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS

Studio and Out-door Painting Classes
under the personal supervision of well known peninsula artists

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209 Post Street
San Francisco

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ANNOUNCES

the opening of a
NEW FUR SHOP

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THIS SHOP

WILL

Feature custom-made and ready-to-wear Furs
of every description

WILL

Be fully equipped to meet your every Fur
Requirements, including cleaning,
glazing, demoting, repairing
and re-styling

WILL

Assure you smartest styles...
Finest quality merchandise
Expert workmanship

WILL

Offer complete Storage Facilities A large
modern fireproof, theft-proof, pest-
proof storage vault on
the premises

MR. TED JERSTAD
will be in charge

OPENING JUNE 17, 1938

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W. K. Bassett

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W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR

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SAMPLE OF SOME LETTERS WE ARE RECEIVING

THE CYMBAL has received many communications, in person, by telephone, and through the mail in thoughtful expression of appreciation of our support of the council's action in removing central parking of automobiles on Ocean avenue. We re-print the following letter as most completely epitomizing what all the others have said:

W. K. Bassett,
THE CARMEL CYMBAL,
Carmel, California.

Dear Mr. Bassett:

I enclose one dollar. Please enter my subscription to THE CYMBAL for one year. It is the best way I can think of for thanking you for the support you are giving the Council in its efforts to retain and recreate in Carmel the beauty and charm that originally drew many of us here to live and own property. I am amazed to discover the number of business men and women here who look only to the dollar sign for inspiration and also to learn that they are so narrow in the matter as to refuse to advertise in THE CYMBAL because of your stand. It would be quite as reasonable for us, who are not in accord with the business attitude, to refuse to deal with Ocean avenue stores and offices. Such a boycott would be no more unfair than the course taken by some of our business people.

Yours truly,

BLANCHE C. SEMMENS

Carmel, June 3.

'PENROD' COMING TO CARMEL THEATRE TOMORROW

"Penrod and his Twin Brother" with Billy and Bobby Mauch will play at the Carmel Theatre tomorrow, Saturday. Once again playing Penrod's parents are Frank Craven and Spring Byington. Jackie Morrow, the little meanie, once more portrays Penrod's chief boy enemy. The amusing little 10-year-old Negro boy, Philip Hurlie, does his usual role of Verman.

The story of "Penrod and his Twin Brother" is altogether different than that of "Penrod and Sam" but the boys with their "Junior G-Men" organization have quite as many and quite as thrilling adventures as before.

POLICE MAKE 47 ARRESTS DURING MERRY MAY

Carmel's police department made 47 arrests during the month of May, according to the report to the City Council by Chief of Police Bob Norton. These included 32 traffic violators, two reckless drivers, five persons drunk in public places and eight disturbers of the peace. One vagrant was escorted out of town.

THIS THING AND THAT

FOOTLESS FEAT ON FEET

The spider has feet and to spare—
Not that I care.

+ + +

What enviable privacy the lowly mollusc knows—
He can hide in his shell head and body as well
And eke—if he has them—his toes.

+ + +

The snail can scale
The steepest wall.
He hasn't any feet at all!

+ + +

The horse trots about on an elegant hoof.
The earth is his playground, the sky is his roof.
He's a long swishing tail and a cashmere nose;
Although he wears shoes he dispenses with hose.

+ + +

Goodness know!
The duck has webs between his toes.

—EDITH FRISBIE

STARS AND GARTERS

MATTER OF MOVING MATTRESSES

Moving a mattress is hilariously funny.

A mattress is a ludicrous object anyhow. There is something funny about it just lying naked and stupid on the bed. We have no affection for it as we have for other household furnishings—say a desk, chair, or even a kitchen pot, which can quite work its way into our esteem.

A lumpy mattress is terribly funny. A hard chair is simply a bore but an uncomfortable night on a knotty mattress is exceedingly droll.

It really has the laugh on us for upsetting our dignity and putting us to ridicule.

"I think I'll take that soft mattress from the spare room and put it on Grandpa's bed," you say, walking right into the trap.

You go blithely into the spare room whistling "Annie Laurie" and start rolling up the mattress. Did you but know it, your instinct is right. Half an hour hence, you will waddle into Grandpa's room with the mattress rolled up. But your initial effort throws you off the track.

"I'll do it end to end," you think, lowering the key of "Annie Laurie" on "her promise true" where you failed to make the grade.

The mattress is master of the recoil. It slithers from your clutches and rebounds to the starting point, settling itself into place with sour satisfaction.

It asks only one thing and that is to maintain its prone position. Other inanimate objects occasionally take the offensive. A broom will fly up and hit you in the face if you step on it in the wrong place and the door to the spice cupboard will deliberately swing open so that when you rise from a squatting posture you are in a fair way to fracture your skull on its edge.

But not a mattress. It lies there with elephantine placidity, depending on the laws of inertia, gravity and sliding bodies to defend it.

You cannot get traction with the end to end method. Unfortunately, you do not find this out until you have lifted it clear of the springs and halfway off the bed. The mattress sees its chance—your fingers have been slipping, slipping. It employs all the forces of its mulish

nature and recoils.

Your phlegmatic opponent has come off slightly better than you in this maneuver. Half of it is now on the floor. You have lost the advantage of an upright position. You face the alternative of straddling its lower half or teetering unsafely forward in order to double in its sides, obviously your next stratagem.

You choose the latter, encase its middle and stagger for the door hoping to gather enough momentum to carry this bedroom lummock all the way to Grandpa's room. The door has laws of its own and anyway you were tripping on the end of the mattress so you take the count.

You see the joke and the mattress has you there again. You laugh yourself helpless.

—DOROTHY STEPHENSON

VALONA BREWER OPENS NEW VIOLIN STUDIO

Valona Brewer has opened her new studio at First and Mission and on Saturday the Violin Club which is composed of Mrs. Brewer's students, held its regular monthly meeting there. Several guests were present to hear the program of 18th Century music, topic for the meeting. Those taking part were Joyce Davis, Dorothy Haasis, Joyce Melrose, Eric Leffingwell, Basil Allaire, John King, Gloria Zampatti, Weldon Glass, Lily Nakawatase, Bob Mason, Leon Young and Robert Young. For its next meeting the club plans a barbecue picnic.

+ + +

Holding top scores at the Mission Ranch Club's Monday night bridge tournament were Thom Neikirk and John Thompson.

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Brand Outlines Summer Play Activities

James H. Brand, Jr., county supervisor of recreation, has the following say about the summer program planned for Carmel:

"Regarding the Summer recreation program to be carried on at Sunset School and playground areas, it is difficult at the moment to say exactly the hours that activities will be supervised due to children having other interests during the Summer vacation that will necessitate possible changes. However, as far as we can see now, there will be playground activities held daily from 1 to 5 p.m. except Saturday when hours will be from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

"It is contemplated continuing the clay modeling class, under Madam Beygrau in the shop, but the hours will probably be from 1 to 5 daily. It is also our desire to form a Junior Air Corps group to make model airplanes in the shop, which groups would not conflict with the clay modeling class. It is also contemplated that a Camera Club will be formed and a temporary dark room be installed in the shop, as several of the children show considerable interest in such activities. We would also like very much to have a Stamp Club and Mr. Van Garrick has indicated that several of the children are very much interested in this hobby.

"Several of the young girls have indicated that they would like to receive tennis instruction, and therefore, if agreeable, we would arrange one morning, and one afternoon, each week for the use of the tennis courts for girls only. Possibly this will be carried on Tues-

day mornings and Thursday afternoons.

"The Summer program at Sunset School in Carmel will be carried on with the present staff, consisting of Miss Slater, Miss Brewer, Robt. Van Garrick and Melvin Ray, on the playgrounds and handicraft, and Madam Beygrau instructing clay modeling."

+ + +

Mrs. James Bruce Brown entertained as her houseguests over the week-end her sister, Mrs. Jessie Keel, and her nieces, Mrs. Donald Brooks and Miss Marguerite Keel, all of San Mateo.

Carl Says...

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CLANGING CYMBALS



Eben Good laid his hand on the cloth beside his plate and a tremor ran along the back of it. He had stopped speaking altogether, not knowing how to get on with the tale, and I could see that he had got so far into the bowels of it that he was perplexed for a moment to know where he was. When the steward approached him, he was unjustly curt.

"I'm sorry," he said to me. "When I get to thinking of it, it's . . . rather awful. It's hard to believe that Mandany Boone was worse than I could possibly make her out. You have seen people on the verge of insanity? So bitter, so hateful! Pitiful . . . yes, that, too. But hateful! Hateful! At least it was so with her. She was like a creature deliberately destroying herself before our very eyes . . . pecking away at herself like some awful bird, cleaning her own bones with her brittle sharp fingernails. She had such gestures . . . horrible . . . and always so solemn about it . . . like an animal . . . ugh!"

After a moment: "Perhaps I could have stood that, beastly as it was. But she . . . she was devouring Arianna, too. Oh, it was easy to see that after a while. She'd found Ari's vulnerable spot . . . her sensitiveness . . . her abhorrence of the whole thing. And she was playing it up. And Ari desperately . . . desperately . . . trying to hold out against her mother.

"Then, you see, even if I didn't know any of the details of the affair, I did know that it became a matter of finding Mandany's soft place if I was to be of any help at all. But to know that I had to have the facts . . . and I couldn't force these . . . I couldn't seem to get at them any way I tried."

What made it all the worse for him, Eben Good said, was the utter sweetling of the daytime hours when he was with Silas Boone in field and pasture. Days when he saw the things he had committed to dark burial come resurrecting in the ruddy dawn, so that the nights of impatience and fear for Arianna always ended in the dewy day and the birthing of some new thing: the hairy small potato plants, the odd breach presentation of beans; the graceful unfurling of corn spears. When his alarm clock went off at half after four in the morning and he heard Silas Boone priming the pump in the kitchen underneath his room and the first whiff of burning bark; when he passed through the big barn swinging his milk pails and the smell of the hay they had stowed in the mows yesterday raised the hairs in his nostrils; when the friendly gluttony of the hog's grunt passed him by and he drew his fingers down the dry warmth of old Jesebel's teats, then he felt within himself the sudden transvaluations of life and the song of the robin on the dung heap outside the hovel window subserved a most plentiful grace.

But as the days went on, his consciousness of Arianna spread and deepened with her presence. She was not always about, but, even though she seemed to evade him as much as possible when she was, there were moments across the table or athwart the lamplit room when he would catch her gazing at him straightforwardly and then he found in her look something so

warm, so unlike her usual outwardness, that he felt stricken before it. Eutektos, he said to himself, infinitely pleased and equally surprised; eutektos. It excited him beyond measure to find her so. But when he sought her out, she was gone and all he got for his pains were the griding little eyes of Mandany Boone watchfully on him. Once or twice in the early days of his sojourn at the Boone's, he would come into the room where Arianna was alone and start to speak. In a moment Mandany was there and Arianna looking down her straight Boone nose at her fidgeting mother with a look of such hatred that Eben Good could not readily believe it.

"It took me some time to be certain of it," he told me. "The hatred, I mean. We don't see much pure emotion in our lives. Love is so largely self-interest and our petty angers, too. It takes time to hate properly, and a terrible energy: a terrible singleness of purpose. There was nothing else between Arianna Boone and her mother . . . nothing but hate . . . hate . . . hate. You see, I quickly discovered that, whatever the accident on which they conveniently hung their wasting emotions, it was not the reason for them. Rather, the other way around. Whatever the mysterious event that lay on them both with so fiercely immanent a grip, it was not the cause of this despite: only a vessel for its gall. And that was the tragedy . . . for there was no doubt it was tragedy . . . only a small hope against it . . . the hope of getting Arianna away . . . That, I dared to think I might do . . . I hoped . . . God, I tried . . . I tried . . ."

So the planting was over and growing began. On the hot south slope lay the ruddle of strawberries, sweet helots of the June sun. Along stone walls the lithe black snakes came out. In shimmer of heat, the little hills danced the noondays away under the lazy white snippets of cloud, and everywhere on vine and twig small green things adumbrated the harvest.

Man alone in all the fruition was reculant, and in the night when Mandany Boone ripped her own throat wide open with her sharp-edged tongue and Arianna was mysteriously away somewhere, Eben Good found a bitter impatience with his kind such as he had never felt before; found a worm at the core; found despair amidst all the fructifying.

A month had passed during which time Silas Boone had been pasturing his cattle in the south pasture. One day in early July they had been restored to the north grazing and, following them home that night, Eben Good came upon Arianna seated under the big birch tree playing with the aureate-pated child.

"Eben," she called him, naming his name for the first time with a shyness not like her, "Eben, come and see Dion. Dion, this is Eben."

The oddest looking child he had ever laid eyes on, Eben Good said he was. Under his thatch of fine golden hair was the freckled, honest impish face of a country boy. There could have been no doubt whatever that he was Arianna's child, with those large solemn eyes and the long brown hands. In his face, Arianna's rather aloof beauty, the beauty in her which so needed releasing, had come to full blow. There was the same probity, the same sensitive response. But there

was absence of harm; purity. So that when Good looked from him to Arianna, he was seized with a new desire, seeing the damage there, to cry out against it, to declare it repairable, to reach out and secure her. To save her . . . to save her. And in his quick passion an embarrassment arose.

"Dion," Arianna said at last, looking past the boy at Eben Good, "lives over here acrosslots a piece with my aunt . . . my father's sister. My aunt and my mother do not speak . . . they hate . . . so Dion does not come to us at all. He lives over there . . . but we . . . we are very good friends, he and I . . . he is like . . ."

She was finding it very difficult to say all this; it touched her nearly. "We . . . have a sort of home . . . you see, here . . . here under this tree. We call it the Lady Birch . . . why? . . . I . . . I don't remember. Eben," she said this slowly with her eyes averted. "Eben, if you wanted . . . sometimes, you know when there isn't anything to do . . . after supper, maybe . . . you could come here. We . . . we dig for treasure. At night we tell stories . . . that is, if you want . . ."

"Tonight?" Eben Good asked. Truly, tonight?

Thus it was that in the month of June when the little fattening gods of desire go strutting up and down and clang their tantalus symbale throughout the hemisphere; when roots feel into earth to taste her vicid growth and a wan moon like a deserted bride runs searching, these two made their way toward each other. They came slowly, using the child to catalyze. In their evening stories to him, they wove cunningly the fantasies they wished to speak outright and somehow couldn't. Strange, strange wooing, Eben Good avows. July came with her sultry hot nights closing them in and when its orange moon ran down the body of the Lady Birch using her alchemy to silver the gold of the child's head, she also placed her chemic fingers on Arianna Boone, so that her birthright of softness and preciousness stood in full sight. Then Eben Good, fearing to break the spell, kept quiet, feeling that he, too, could play this game of waiting. But not too long . . . not too long.

When the child was asleep and the air had cooled, they carried him to the house of Arianna's aunt and Ari said a brief goodnight to Eben at the gate, hurrying off with her face buried in the boy's hair. But one night, when he had turned and was going slowly home, he heard her footsteps come back down the path and suddenly found her again beside him. They walked in silence back to the birch tree together and then he could contain himself no longer and turning suddenly at her side, took her in his arms.

He says he had not thought, of course, what would happen then, but if he had he could hardly have been prepared for the fury that burst loose upon him.

Even after he had let her go—and he made no effort to hold her—she kept pounding him with her big fists, forgetting herself. By quietude, he quietened her, and finally

got her to sit leaning against the tree, a spent thing, half-sobbing. He waited for her to speak.

"Oh, Eben, I am so sorry . . . so sorry. I came back to tell you . . . to ask you . . . if you would go away from here. I wanted you . . . to stay. Oh Eben, before God, I wanted you to stay . . . but no more. I thought you could help me . . . not now . . . not now, Eben. You cannot help me that way . . . by loving me . . . like that. Oh, I can't stand it . . . it's too late . . . too late . . . I say . . . it is too late."

Eben Good waited another moment for her, but she seemed past speaking. She lifted her face, all torn with some grief, but she could not say anything.

"Arianna," he began gently. "I'll love you any kind of way you say. I'll do any kind of thing you want me to do. Listen, Ari, can I take you away from here . . . now . . . right away?"

"Oh, no," she panted hurriedly. "I . . . I couldn't leave him . . . I couldn't do that."

"But we'd take him."

She spoke very slowly. "And I couldn't leave her." Then, excitedly, "Eben, you see I couldn't leave her. You see that, don't you? . . . She's got to tell me what she did with my . . . Eben, she killed someone . . . someone that was mine . . . not hers to kill. Don't you see? She's not sure that I know it . . . but I do . . . I do know it. And I'll never let her alone until she confesses it . . . you see that . . . I do know it . . . you remember that night . . . when she ran out of the house . . . in the dark . . . you remember, don't you . . ."

Eben Good sat there in a pool of horror, seeing clearly at last that she was right . . . that it was too late to help her. He says he cannot remember just how he felt, not all the things. He must have sat for a long time, hearing her mutter things over and over, thinking what to do next. Of sanatoriums; of places far, far off from Mandany Boone; of the mighty curative, love. He just sat, holding her hand.

Then there was a rustling of sound and there beside them was Silas Boone. "Come, Ari," he said softly, "Come to yer ol' Pa. That's a girl. That's my good girl . . ."

And lifting her most tenderly in his arms, he went up the path through the woods crooning to her.

—LYNDA SARGENT

(The concluding chapter of Arianna Boone will appear in next week's *Clanging Cymbals*.)

Paul Whitman's one-man show which was on at Del Monte preceding the Armin Hansen show is now at Boise, Idaho. Whitman was invited to send it there as the opening exhibit of a new gallery.

From the East comes the announcement that Joe Cannon is having a one-man show of water-colors at the Ferargil galleries in New York. Joe spent last summer in Carmel and his work was exhibited at the Carmel Art Gallery.

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When you think of food in Dickens' books you generally find that what remains most vividly in your memory are the many references to meat pies—steak and kidney, "weal and ammer," and cold pork pie. This last has at first thought, or always did for me, a scarcely alluring sound. A good rich meat pie, now, oozing with hot gravy and covered with a crisp crust, is something to tickle the appetite—but a cold pork pie was something else again. Or so it seemed before I found out that actually it is something delicious! It happened that one of my best friends of high school days possessed for a male parent an Englishman whose taste for the dishes of his native land was strong and enduring. And like so many of John Bull's sons whose homes are their castles and they the ruling lords thereof, he introduced into the menu of the family meals various dishes which were as seldom seen in the rest of our New England kitchens as were the strictly German dishes eaten in my own home. Cold pork pie was a special delicacy in my friend's house. Who hasn't nibbled the sweet, tender, pinkish-white meat of roast pork in its cold state? Myself, I think a sandwich of slices of cold pork spread liberally with the rich jelly that forms in the dish compares favorably with turkey. Well, cold pork pie is something the same idea on a larger scale, with crust instead of slices of bread.

Here is the recipe as it used to be made in my friend's home: One and a half pounds of pork, either from a fresh shoulder or some ribs from a rib roast. Cut this into small pieces and simmer with water slowly until tender, which may be from one to two hours. If you have bones, cook them with it, but take them out when the meat is done and let it stand overnight. Then skim off fat and thicken the meat and stock mixture with a tbsp. flour in water. Season with salt, pepper and poultry dressing. Line a deep dish with pie crust, fill with meat and cover with crust. Brown in hot oven. Let it cool when done and serve cold. Here I am writing before lunch again and how I would love a wedge of cold pork pie now!

If you like a cake with spices and happen to be out of eggs there is a delicious apple sauce cake recipe in Della Lutes' "Home Grown," the sequel to her delightful "Country Kitchen." Of course, you have to have apple sauce on hand but the canned variety seems to do exactly as well as the home-made, and apple sauce cake is one of the easiest to make and surest to come out well. 1 cup applesauce; 1 cup brown sugar creamed with 1/2 cup shortening; 1 tsp. soda, 1 tsp. baking powder sifted with 2 cups flour and 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. cloves, 1 tsp. allspice and 1 tsp. nutmeg; 1 cup chopped raisins. This is the recipe exactly as given but, having tried it, I think I should prefer a little less flour because I like a spice cake definitely moist.

The first few ears of corn are beginning to appear among the vegetables in the food markets but

the time of the real corn season is still to come. Peas seem to be taking their first step up in price again and I fear the pleasant days of five cents a pound are over. Asparagus holds its own, I believe, and string beans are gradually dropping out of the luxury class. Tomatoes and cucumbers begin to be possible in the small budget home. This is the time of year when the vegetable question is at its easiest but wouldn't it be grand if avocados were as cheap as heads of lettuce!

I know a young housewife whose success in living on a really small budget is something to admire and commend. She knows more different ways of preparing carrots and of varying ground roundsteak! Sometimes she cooks carrots with slices of onion, sometimes with celery, or a little asparagus. Sometimes she bakes them in a casserole dish with a brown sugar syrup. With the ground meat she makes a special kind of loaf which contains a layer of bread dressing between two layers of the meat. Mock duck forms an excellent meat dish for a limited income—just a slice of round steak stuffed with dressing and roasted... But if you have a family like mine, the masculine side of it, you'll find that no matter what you give them in the way of fancy variations on hamburger they still prefer plain meat balls!

A most astonishing and fascinating description of the kind and quantity of food eaten by the Dutch in Java is given in "An American Doctor's Odyssey." After reading it any of our meals seem like part of a diet for reducing. Dr. Heiser says:

"I have never seen anything remotely resembling the Dutch meals. Possibly because of the heat, the men keep curious office hours—from seven to twelve, and from five to eight. Before embarking on the day's arduous duties, they breakfast sparingly on eggs, cold meat, several kinds of sausage, meat pudding, cheese, and coffee, the latter a concentrated syrup from a bottle to which scalding hot water is added. About ten in the morning they reinforce themselves further.

"At lunch time comes the famous rijstafel. First the guest ladies rice into a soup plate the size of a washbasin. Then a line of waiters—sometimes as many as 20—advances, every one with a tray containing two to five varieties of food; some of each is supposed to be taken. The many ingredients include chicken, duck, beef, Bombay duck—a form of dried fish tough as leather with a delightful flavor—eggs, peanuts, shredded coconut, all imaginable vegetables from Oc-

cident and Orient, beets, bean-sprouts, water chestnuts, the extraordinary condiments of the East, chutneys and chillies, a curry which turns the mixture yellow and a cochineal red powder which, if taken in any quantity, burns like fire. With a large soup spoon in either hand the diners turn this mountain of food over and over as though they were putting it through a concrete mixer and then consume it to the last grain of rice.

"Afterwards, the Dutch, thoroughly groggy, drag themselves groaning to their couches, where they repose until four-thirty. It is then time for tea, and so back to the office. Dinner, the real meal of the day, comes as a welcome finale at nine-thirty or ten, accompanied by a liberal supply of schnappa. Finally they retire exhausted to bed to repair the ravages of the day's toil.

"To my astonishment, I heard several Americans referred to as the heaviest eaters in the world. Since I had never seen anything that remotely resembled the Gargantuan repasts of the Dutch, I was extremely curious. I puzzled until I discovered the answer. When they entered an American hotel or restaurant, believing it the local custom, they would mistakenly start at the top and eat their way through the a la carte bill of fare, a difficult feat, even for those in training." —CONSTANT EATER

ALBERTO ALREADY AT OUTS WITH MAYOR HERON

David Alberto takes Mayor Herbert Heron up on his "hope you will feel the same way after four years" answer to the lobby's acclaim when he took office six weeks ago. Alberto doesn't feel the same way already. He's mad at the mayor. Look what he says: "Here I was, a lone pedestrian, arms full of bundles, navigating the highway at Ocean avenue and Mountain View on my way home. Here comes this Heron person in his big limousine. He about runs me down. I jump to save my life. I yell at him; that is, I spoke harshly to him. My words were: 'Why don't you manipulate your horn?' He yelled back at me, raucously: 'It's out of order,' and sped recklessly away. Now, doesn't the mayor know that having an inoperative horn is against the law?"

SCHOOL TRUSTEES TO MEET FRIDAY, JUNE 10

The board of trustees of the Sunset School district will hold its June meeting this afternoon, June 10, at 3 o'clock in the school library.

Dody Lemoine from Walnut Creek is spending some time in Carmel as the guest of Mrs. Sara Kistler.

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Our Libby Ley Breezes In

Libby Ley breezed in not long ago. With her breezed June Rosner, her glamorous sister. With them, breezed Joe Danyah, who runs the WPA art project in the neck of the woods which includes us down here as well as the Other Village up on San Francisco Bay. June spent her time in THE CYMBAL office, unwittingly, perhaps, being breathlessly alluring to us. Libby spent it trying to convince herself that she wanted to buy a mountain adjacent to Jacks' Peak. Joe spent it reading our elemental atlas and demanding a picture of the Statue of Liberty to prove to us how terrible it is, in the eye of art.

Incidentally he told us that Bufano's St. Francis Assist, which is actually going up on a third sister of Twin Peaks, will have a 40-foot base, is 120 feet high itself from sole of foot to crown of head, and has a face 22 feet long. We don't see any art in that, but have a sneaking feeling that Joe thinks talking to us about art is like yelling down a well.

Libby thinks Joe's handsome, and

everything.

(Guess we could write a "Nothing Sacred" column like Libby's, eh?)

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We Get Dr. MacDougal In Tight Place; Doctor May Get Griffin's Herald

You remember the scientist who, seeing a flock of sheep in a field, remarked: "Those sheep have just been sheared," and, then, catching himself, "at least on this side."

But in an unguarded moment the scientist had made a statement he couldn't prove. He had no way of knowing positively that those sheep were sheared on the side he couldn't see. He caught himself, but not in time—not for a scientist.

We've caught Dr. D. T. MacDougal, scientist almost par excellence (this story demands the "almost"), in several unguarded moments, and we're here to tell about it.

You probably noticed some time ago that the good doctor had a little argument with Allen Griffin, who publishes and edits the Peninsula Herald, about the rainfall.

Allen, temperamentally unscientific, looked out his editorial sanctum window one day last January and viewed with alarm a rain that was coming down in sheets and blankets. He wondered about the seasonal rainfall, because only a few days previous he had looked out the same window to the same sheets and blankets. He called one of his staff on the carpet about it. The staff said that it was such and such up to that morning at 8 o'clock, and added, "but Dr. MacDougal over in Carmel says it's no shucks; that last year's was bigger and better and louder and funnier."

"He does, does he?" replied Allen, "he's crazy as a March and April hare. I'll tell him so."

So, taking the telephone firmly in his right hand, he called Dr. MacDougal at the coastal laboratory of the Carnegie Institute in Carmel, and lit into him. Among other things he remarked: "The trouble is with you, Doc, last year you put your old rain gauge under a water spout and this year you've got it under an umbrella."

It is reported—not on very good authority, but reported just the same—that the doctor didn't speak to Allen for two days and 11 hours after that remark.

But when they did get back on speaking terms a bet developed. The doctor bet this season's rainfall wouldn't equal last's, by any old test or gauge. Allen, temperamentally unscientific and romantic-like, took the bet.

So, a few days ago, during a slight drizzle, we went down to check up with Dr. MacDougal. As to the rainfall we learned that at 8 o'clock Wednesday morning this season's fall was 26.45 inches as against 28.26 for last season to this date. We further learned that the total for last year was 28.60. So, Allen's got 2.15 inches to go, and it looks very much as though he wouldn't make it.

Therefore, we became interested in the bet. What was it? How much? The doctor seemed reticent, or tried to become reticent, but this is where we got him into unguarded statements.

He started off trying to tell us it was a paper of pins against a gallon of gasoline, but we knew better than that. We had some loose-end information. With our traditional journalistic acumen we started in on the doctor.

"Is it not a fact, doctor, that you bet both the coastal and desert laboratories of the Carnegie Institute against the Peninsula Herald—lock, stock and barrel, including Windsor?"

"How did you get that info—I deny that."

See, we got him there—off-guard. "How do you happen to own the

two laboratories?"

"By right of eminent do—I refuse to answer that question." See, he slipped again.

"What are you going to do with the Herald when you get it?"

"Make it a picture tab—I have nothing to say." Look at that one.

"Are you going to let Griffin go on writing his column?"

"I'm going to sell him to the Police Ga— You have no right to ask me that."

And it went right on like that, hour upon hour, with Dr. MacDougal repeatedly saying those sheep were sheared on both sides when he had no way of knowing about their off sides; Dr. MacDougal, generally so well in hand, getting caught in unguarded moments.

So, though you may not think we've established the fact that Griffin loses the Herald to Dr. D. T. MacDougal, you may be pretty certain that when the rain for this season is all in and boxed and laid away on the coastal laboratory shelf at the head of Twelfth street in Carmel, Allen Griffin is going to lose something and it won't be a paper of pins.

BOARD OF TRADE CLAMPS DOWN ON FLORENCE LEIDIG

The so-called Board of Trade, which handles credit claims and legal actions for their collection for wholesalers and such, suddenly clamped down on Florence Leidig on the eve of the Memorial Day week-end and threw her market, now on Dolores street, near Eighth, into receivership. Whereupon George Ross, attorney for Florence, had something unpleasant to say to the Board and the situation is now, according to Ross, more unpleasant for that organization than it is for his client. It seems that Ross didn't consider it cricket for the Board to take sudden action just before Florence had a chance to do some extra business over a holiday week-end, and by some legal strategy he figures the victim end of the thing has the upper hand now. There is some sort of negotiation going on which may mean a release for Florence. We don't pretend to know the legal ins and outs of the matter, but we're for Florence.

FIRE DEPARTMENT HAS A BUSY MORNING

The Carmel Fire department was kept busy last Thursday morning when two alarms were turned in within 20 minutes of each other. The first was a small fire in an automobile on Ocean and Mission at 9:40 o'clock. The car was registered to James Jennison from Los Angeles. The second fire, at 10 o'clock, was at the cottage of Mrs. L. E. Brooks at Lincoln and Tenth. It was a chimney fire and there was no damage done.

Wednesday evening at 7:12 o'clock a woodshed burned on Monte Verde and Tenth at the home of Dr. Rea Ruel.

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DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

The latest addition to the Jo Mora ménage in Pebble Beach is Smokey, a blue-eyed Australian sheep dog. He must share the affections of the family with Lady Ragsdale, the multi-colored cat, who heretofore has ruled the household with a tyrannical highhandedness.

Smokey hopes to become a riding companion for Jo, Jr., and Blondie, his Palomino. As he comes from a long line of cowboy ancestors, Smokey says with a bit of training he expects to become a replica of Joaquin Miller's "Vaquero" who: His broad-brimmed hat pushed back with careless air

The proud vaquero sits his steed as free

As winds that toss his black, abundant hair.

No rover ever swept a lawless sea With such a haughty and heedless air as he.

"Managing Michael or How to Solve a Problem Child" might be the title of a book written by Miss Clara Baker of the library staff, describing her adventures with Michael, her recently-acquired Irish setter. A synopsis of a day-by-day account might run like this:

Monday—A life-long desire for an Irish setter realized with the adoption of handsome, copper-colored Michael, who came from San Jose and left his nine brothers and sisters.

Tuesday—Mike didn't want to sleep on the back porch alone. After half an hour of unavailing pleading and coaxing, he had to be picked up bodily and carried out to the porch where he whimpered all night in his lonesomeness for his nine brothers and sisters.

Wednesday—Mike was tied in the back yard with a stout rope. He chewed the rope in two.

Thursday—Mike chewed a second rope in two.

Friday—A long wire was strung up in the backyard and Mike's leash attached to it by a ring so as to give him a run. He pulled down the wire and fence post to which it was fastened.

Saturday—The wire was attached to a stronger fence post. Mike howled all day.

Sunday—His ex-family came to visit. Mike had a wonderful time.

Monday—His ex-family went home. Mike alternately moped and howled all day.

Tuesday—A license was bought

and Mike was turned loose. He was delighted with his freedom and spent the day quietly sitting on the front porch.

Mrs. Schwarz, called for them on Sunday evening, they were delighted to see such shining coats.

Big Boy Rapp is as fine a figure of a dog as one would want to see, and a very remarkable fellow at that. His tawny coat is not hair but fur, and his feet are webbed. He has a handsome head and powerful shoulders. He can swim for hours and never get his skin wet. He has boundless endurance and keen intelligence. For Big Boy's mother was a Collie and his father a real Alaskan Malamute in whose veins ran a strain of wolf-blood, and he seems to have inherited the most outstanding features of each.

When he plays on the beach with his master, George Rapp, he is usually being admired by a gallery of feminine on-lookers. They are thrilled by his impressive physique and endurance. It sends chills down the ladies' spines to watch him lower his head between his shoulders, like his wolf ancestors, and hold his body tense while he waits for his master to throw him a stick. When the stick is thrown he leaps high in the air and catches it in his strong, white teeth.

Big Boy, like most strong, silent men, is quite aloof to this feminine admiration. In fact, he seems to be very much of a women hater.

Don't let that discourage you, girls, it is probably just a pose.

Skipper Flickinger entertained as his house guests over the week-end, Saucy Schwarz, and her adopted son, Imp, of the Monterey Presidio. Young Donnie, Skipper's master, extended the Flickinger hospitality to include a bath and brushing for the guests. When Saucy and Imp's master and mistress, Captain and

The first waking thought on Friday morning of more than 3,000 people in the Carmel area is: "This is Cymbal day!" And it's a happy thought.

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REPORTING TO PARENTS—III

By OTTO W. BARDARSON

The teachers of the Sunset School have studied representative report cards the past several weeks and have formulated a series of recommendations based on this study. No attempt has been made to develop an original or different type of report card. Our effort has been to prepare the type of report which would interpret the child to the parent and teacher in the simplest and clearest manner. The report cards in use in San Diego and Pasadena have been followed closely in many respects.

What follows is a preliminary draft and is subject to major and minor revision. Suggestions should be turned in to the Sunset School office immediately if you are interested in influencing the character of the report accepted for final adoption. There will be four parts to the report.

Part 1 Growth Report Grades 4-8

Sunset Elementary School
Monterey County
Carmel-by-the-Sea, California

Year.....
Pupil's Name.....
Grade..... Teacher.....

To the Parent or Guardian:

The school has the child for approximately six hours a day. The balance of the time the child is under the supervision or jurisdiction of the parent. As pupil growth is a continuous process it is essential that the home and the school environment should be as nearly one as is humanly possible to make them.

The child's success in school is measured in terms of his own ability as recognized by the teacher. His accomplishments are not compared with those of other pupils. The symbols we use for marking represent a statement of fact or evidence of effort.

We are calling your attention to health, social, and work habits and attitudes as these are important factors in the well-rounded development of the child.

We solicit your interest and co-operation in our work. Any suggestion or comment will be sincerely appreciated.

Signature: District Superintendent.

Part 2

The symbols represent an evaluation of the child's effort or a statement of fact pertaining to Habits and Attitudes, Skills and Knowledge. The symbol S will be used to indicate satisfactory growth. The symbol N will be used to indicate need for improvement. Health Habits (Physical and Mental)

1. Keeps neat and clean.
2. Is learning self-control.
3. Is usually happy.

Social Habits.

1. Cooperates with others.
2. Is thoughtful of others.
3. Is responsible.
4. Is desirably independent.

Work Habits.

1. Works well with others.
2. Works well alone.
3. Makes good use of time.
4. Finishes work.
5. Follows directions.

At the bottom of the page space is provided for special comment on the part of the teacher.

Part 3

Skills and Knowledge.

1. Takes part well in group discussions.
2. Is growing in ability to attack and solve problems.
3. Acquires and uses information needed in work.
4. Reads well aloud.
5. Gets the thought well in reading.
6. Shows interest in reading good books.
7. Has good reading speed.
8. Writes plainly.
9. Writes with desirable speed.
10. Expresses ideas clearly in speech.
11. Expresses ideas well in writing.
12. Spells needed words correctly.
13. Understands arithmetic concepts.
14. Is growing in art ability.
15. Is developing skill in hand-work.
16. Takes part well in music activities.
17. Is developing skill in playground games.

The special activities in which the child is engaged should be listed at the bottom of this page.

Part 4

Attendance and Punctuality.

Days Taught.....
Days Present.....
Times Tardy.....

Four times during the school year we try to convey a message and our evaluation of the child to the home. It is helpful to us to have comments from the home as we will accomplish more if we work together. If you feel that you are in a position to judge will you please write yes or no after each of the items listed below. Personal conference may be arranged by appointment. Parents' Report to Teacher.

Our Child.

- Is happy at school.....
Regards work as worth while.....
Has a feeling of responsibility to his class.....
Shares his materials and knowledge with others.....
Takes pride in health and ap-

pearance.....
School interests reflected in home reading and discussion.....
Takes part happily in the activities of the family.....
Practices safety at home.....
Place is provided for the signature of the parent.

The above card is thorough and diagnostic. It will call for a great deal of time and careful thought on the part of the teacher. You will note that the parent participates in the evaluation of the child. The report card in use at present is not as specific and does not go into detail. The proposed card will be more difficult to check.

Further study will be made and the committee studying proposals for a new report card will welcome any suggestions the parents wish to make regarding the study. Your suggestions should be forwarded to the school office before the close of school on June 8.

+ + +

ANNA KATZ COMES BACK FROM FLYING AROUND

Anna Katz made the Alleghenies all right and the Great Lakes or whatever else a transcontinental plane flies over in order to reach Manhattan. It was a tremendous happiness for Anna, every mile of it, and she arrived in New York with a feeling such as Sinbad must have had when the Roc set him down in Paradise. (It wasn't New York especially—a buying trip is dress shop routine—it was the experience of flight for an earthbound mortal unused to wings). From the looks of her shop, the business end of the trip was also a great success, and even young Martin is busy checking off packages received.

+ + +

Cymbal Classified Ads Pay—

Sidney Clark Talks Japan

Before the June dinner meeting of the Men's Club at the Community Church Tuesday evening, Sidney Clark gave an interesting series of side-line shots at the Hawaiian Islands. Speaking on the topic "Does Japan Covet the Hawaiian Islands?" Clark gave as his opinion that Japan alone knows her aspirations in the direction of the isles. From the people whom he contacted while making an extended study of the islands in preparation for his new book, Clark reports that there was a wide divergence of opinion, some believing that Japan's next step would be in that direction; others saying that Japan would never risk it even for the most coveted isles. Clark also gave an interesting background study of the people and their living.

The men also favored with selections from a male quartet, consisting of Joe Clague, Miles Bain, Leonard Coskey and Homer Bodley. Mrs. E. F. Smith accompanied at the piano.

Plans were developed for continuance of the monthly meetings throughout the summer.

+ + +

DEL MONTE HOTEL PUTS UP CARMEL HILL SIGN

Another one of Hotel Del Monte's attractive direction signs graces the side of the highway as you go down the Carmel Hill into Monterey. It's over the fence on Del Monte Properties company property and says: "Hotel Del Monte Next Turn Right." We wondered about that "next turn," the sign being so far up the hill, but by jinxing it's correct—you've got a long way to Fremont street, but it is the first turn to the right you come to.

WANT TO BE A POULTRY GENETICIST?

Now Fred Strong has a job for a poultry geneticist. As representative of the United States, Fred offers you a chance to try for this job and will give you as top salary \$4,600 a year if you make the grade in the civil service examination. If you're 53 years old, you can't even try to get this job. That goes for the chance to become a veterinarian in poultry for the government, or principal poultry husbandman. But if you want any of Fred's offerings, you have to make your application before June 23. Fred has blanks for this. He's at the post office.



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The Carmel Cymbal

Building Permits Total \$18,220

Building permits for May reached a total of \$18,220.

New builders have been granted the following permits:

The Carmel Art Association, addition to Art Gallery on Dolores between Fifth and Sixth, \$6000. Day labor.

Ed Burnham, remodel store front on Dolores between Seventh and Eighth, \$300. M. J. Murphy, Inc.

Ida M. Theurer, concrete garage and store room, \$1,250. E. Bixler.

Burleigh H. Murray, two-story frame residence, garage, basement, log veneer on Palou at Second, \$6,500. Day labor.

Ed Burnham, frame and stucco storage shed, \$150. Day labor.

Miss Caroline Kimball, remodel

and additions to cottage, \$750. Day labor.

L. J. Meadows, additions to cottage on Lobos street between Second and Third, \$200. Self.

Mrs. William McPhillips, two-story apartment, frame and stucco, on San Carlos and Fifth, \$1,000. Day labor.

Supplemental to permit 375. George and Harry Aucourt, second-story apartment above shop as stated in permit 374, \$1800. M. J. Murphy, Inc.

+ + +

Mrs. Paul Dibert of San Francisco left Wednesday after spending a week in Carmel with her parents, Commander and Mrs. J. A. Murphy.

+

Guests of Arthur Wilhoit are Mrs. B. LaDue Richards of Hermosa Beach and Mrs. L. W. Waters of Monte Carlo, France.

Girl Scouts To Plan Annual Banquet

The last monthly meeting of the Monterey Peninsula Girl Scout Council for this summer was held at the Pacific Grove Scout House Tuesday morning at 9:30 o'clock. Reports of various committees were presented. That of the camp committee was most encouraging. The first period of the summer camp at Big Sur has been completely booked up and also fully paid for. Other periods will probably be filled in a very short time as tremendous enthusiasm has been shown. The campers will be Kathleen McAuley and Margaret Oliver of Carmel, Paulina Pulliam, Caroline Wheeler, Alice McLeod, Joy and Roberta Sylvester, Gloria Stelter, Jacqueline Myers, Marian Butera, Jean Miller, Emma Coit, Louise Baldwin, Barbara Tice, Ruth Calvin, Louise Deakin, Delphinia Lopez, Betty Ann Stanfield, Ann Robinson and Roberta Walker, all of Pacific Grove. Leaders will be Miss Edith Tweedy, Miss Muriel Manning and Mrs. M. McAuley.

Plans were made for the annual banquet of the Monterey Peninsula Girl Scouts to be held the last week in October which is National Girl Scout Week. Chairmen of the various committees were appointed as follows: Mrs. E. Cooke Smith, invitational; Miss Audrey Walton, annual report; Mrs. R. R. Wallace, arrangements and Miss Ruth Huntington, program.

Miss Tweedy reported 180 registered Girl Scouts and 50 Brownies with indications of a great increase next fall.

Officers for the Carmel Girl Scout district were reported as follows: Mrs. R. R. Wallace, district commissioner; Mrs. H. J. Morse, secretary; Mrs. William Dekker, treasurer; Mrs. Peter Ferrante, publicity; Miss Ruth Huntington, house; Mrs. Webster Street, program; Mrs. T. W. Van Een, at large; Miss Audrey Walton, camp; Mrs. Ruth Burroughs and Mrs. M. A. Klein, at large.

Mrs. George De Lorimer announced that district chairmen will constitute the membership committee to do intensive work this summer. Miss Val Stark will be present on the Peninsula on September 15 to take charge of the presentation of the new program for the Scouting year. The proceedings will take an entire day. At the meeting each council member is urged to present the name of one person who will be interested in Scout work for the coming year.

+ + +

CARMEL ARTIST CARRYING ON A NEAR LOST ART

Carmel's reputation as an artist's mecca is only rarely fed by such young women as Molli Juin. She carries on the almost lost art of what is known today as Limoges enamel ware, but which flourished about 3300 years ago.

At that time precious jewels were ground up into color. Molli Juin grinds up silicate glass that has been colored with metallic oxides. Then she takes them into a metal frame or base. In a few minutes she has a piece of scintillating brilliance—Limoges ware. One such has a museum valuation of \$7,500. Try it yourself sometime when the budget needs bulging, reminding yourself that Molli Juin is the only person in the United States who has mastered the technique from beginning to end—that means being a hammermith, a chemist, and all that—which cost her solid years of study in Europe and research travel in 28 countries.

Kevin Wallace drifted into town for a few days recently to end with a flourish the two-weeks' vacation he had been spending in the mountains. Kevin has just completed his sophomore year at the University of California where he divided his

time between studies and work on the San Francisco Examiner. He will devote the summer to his newspaper work. Accompanying Kevin was Kenneth McClaren of Berkeley. Both were guests of Mr. and Mrs. David Scripture.

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You can't advertise once in a blue moon and expect results. It's continuity of impression that counts in the long run. You're not talking to a mass meeting; you're talking to a parade.

Guild Workers Build Shop

Any day now you can go down to the Court of The Golden Bough and see busy workers preparing for the opening on June 15 of the Carmel Guild of Craftsmen's shop. The decorating is in charge of Miss Cordelia Gilman and George Seideneck and both being very capable people the shop is going to be extremely attractive. The walls have been repainted until they are now gleaming white and soon everything will be fixed up to be neat and charming.

At the meeting of the Guild last Tuesday night it was decided that applications for charter memberships would be closed with the opening of the shop. Anyone interested in joining and becoming a charter member should get in touch with Dorothy Bassett at Carmel 299-W or Dorothy Love at Carmel 875-W.



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Lynda Views With Deep Admiration Sessions of Women's League

In these days of withdrawn or only faintly drawn lines—social, political, economic—it is an achievement little short of miraculous, and certainly momentous, when any considerable body of persons gets together and works together toward one end as consistently, as patiently, with as long a view and as studious a device as the organization of the League of Women Voters. Whatever one's own personal and political opinions, the qualities of mind and spirit that go into the work done throughout the year by these women merit not only our admiration but surely also our imitation. In my 18 months of more or less constant attendance at their meetings I have never been able to detect one iota of partisanship, one petty grudge, one opinion less than worthy of respect and attention.

As this year has drawn to a close, the greatest possible evidence of this spirit has been shown. In a time when consistency in action is found nowhere, when politics and practices bump into each other at every corner, contradicting each other to the utter confusion of us all, the National League of Women Voters has drawn for its theme for the coming year, the all-vital study of the principles behind the issues. The Principles Behind the Issues. In days when, as someone has all too aptly said, "a principle is more dangerous than a passion," this alone evidences the courageous kind of spade work the organization is doing and is prepared to do.

It is an old and a valid adage that if we get our day's work done, our plan for that day was not large enough to begin with. So the League has not accomplished everything it hoped for this year. When it is considered that the program for the year included study and action on all the following subjects with a few others thrown in, that is not at all to be wondered at: taxation and the reciprocal trade agreements; child labor; the wage and hours bills; consumer interests; state and national reorganization and the special interest on civil service and the merit systems; foreign policy; an intensive survey and lobbying on personnel problems both state and national; social security; improved conditions for delinquent minors. Yes, it is a staggering bill, but every one of these problems, the principles behind their resolution, the spoils and graft and general dickering that go on

behind the scenes in the halls of government where they are up for settlement, the fight to get them cleanly met so far as is possible with the instruments at hand—and so to improve those instruments as that their functioning in a democracy shall be at its most acceptable to the people—in no wise seems to daunt these people.

There is a story in my repertory of family lore of which I often think as I watch Mrs. Voss or Miss Weld at the head of a speaker's table or standing on the rostrum. My great-grandfather had gone off to Boston, leaving his wife and ten children, his houses and his horses, his asses and his menservants, to the care of my grandmother. It was a big and busy establishment, set on a hill and containing the accumulated possessions of a lifetime—of a number of lifetimes. In the early evening a bolt of lightning struck square at the big barn filled with hay and in a few minutes everything on that place was threatened. An aunt of mine who was ten years old at the time was visiting there and now—at close to 80—she still recalls vividly the picture of her grandmother, a staunch big woman, standing on the door-rock with the fire all about her and directing her goods and her children to safety. They saved nearly everything. And great-grandmother is said to have remarked when her husband returned that she had wanted those dratted rats smoked out for years.

The record of the League's accomplished work for the year is impressive. Here in the local League speakers of eminence on many of the questions under study have come and placed their special knowledge at the disposal of the members and others interested. At the December meeting the world picture was presented as a background—all too shifting, to be sure—against which to work. Men and women highly qualified spoke on such subjects as taxation, prison and juvenile delinquency problems, consumer organizers, the personnel set-up in California, child welfare, the special session at Sacramento and social security. Almost weekly, and sometimes oftener, group meetings were held throughout the year in an effort to coordinate the work of various committees and to keep in the eyes of every member the large view of affairs. Constant vigilance has been kept on Wash-

ington and on the state legislature.

So, you ask, what has this all accomplished? In the first place, the League is a lobbying order. It does not propose to meddle in local affairs except as they bear directly on county, state and national issues. It has lobbied effectively all the year on the questions above-mentioned. Here in Monterey county great and responsive emphasis has been placed on the government of officials, the efficient running of what the League would like to make a model of all counties. Its fingerprints can be seen to advantage in practically all matter that concerns the voter and the taxpayer and the general welfare of the people.

Good groundwork, quietly effected, has been done on the care and protection of children who come under theegis of the courts.

As a national unit, the League has come out for reciprocal trade, for the merit system and a qualified public personnel, for improved wage and hours legislation, for better standards for consumer products. Social security in all its present and potential forms is under its careful eye. The welfare of the democracy is spread out upon its map, where the woman's touch is at last being found to be badly

wanted; where it is at last being realized that the woman's touch springs from the female of the species.

—LYNDA SARGENT

Filmarte

CARMEL-MONTE VERDE AT EIGHTH • PHONE 408

MAJOR STUDIO PREVIEW SUNDAY NIGHT 8:30 Sharp

Advance showing of one of
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ALSO "HIGH FLYERS"

FRI • SAT

Edmund Lowe

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In the Bakery

There's The New Cinnamon Bread
A Dainty Toast At Tea Time

LILTS FROM LILICO

A swishing hiss came floating up Lincoln street yesterday and we followed it. At the end of our search we found Bert Heron and George Seideneck wheedling a spray gun with paint fuming from its noisy funnel. They were painting Bert's bookshop and doing a fine job of it. Later we saw George sipping soup in the Chop House, his nose twitching over it. We naturally imagined that he was so confused over the fumes of the soup and the fumes of turpentine which had been seeping through his nostrils all day that he was not sure just what was going on. But nose-twitching and turpentine, we still think that George is about the best candidate for popularity on the Peninsula.

This business of grasping asparagus between the teeth after chasing it desperately around one's plate,

is enough to frighten the gentle-folk on the Peninsula. We see the most celebrated Americans flying around a piece of asparagus at the table, trying to catch the tail of this swaying vegetable. It is disgusting as well as wonderful exercise for those who are chasing the fine greenery. Escapism!! Imagine the asparagus' feelings when he finds himself firmly held by his feet with his only hope for escape in making it difficult for his pursuer to catch his flying tail (asparagus, not pursuer). After much galloping and trotting about the vegetable's whereabouts, the nervously-expectant individual takes a last growl, grasps and swallows the poor green article and then turns his attention to the other frightened greenery which lies startled in the plate, getting ready to flap their tails in self-defense.

—ADRIENNE LILICO

Council Prohibits Central Parking On Ocean Ave.

ing all manner of traffic problems. Following the passage of this ordinance, Councilman Frederick R. Bechdolt introduced a resolution banning central parking on Ocean avenue and providing for diagonal parking at the curb only on Ocean avenue between Junipero and Monte Verde streets.

Then followed a resolution fixing time-limits on parking on business streets, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily, as follows:

Ocean avenue, between Monte Verde and Junipero, 1 hour.

Sixth avenue, between Monte Verde and Junipero, 2 hours.

Seventh avenue, between Lincoln and Mission, 2 hours.

Monte Verde, between Sixth and Seventh, 2 hours.

Lincoln, between Sixth and Seventh, 1 hour.

Dolores, between Sixth and Eighth, 1 hour.

San Carlos, between Sixth and Seventh, 1 hour.

San Carlos, between Seventh and Eighth, 2 hours.

Mission, between Sixth and Seventh, 1 hour.

Mission, between Seventh and Eighth, 2 hours.

The superintendent of streets was empowered to arrange for the purchase and erection of the necessary parking-limit signs to make enforcement of this new law possible. It was explained that two signs to a block, on each side of the street, would be necessary. This would require 104 signs. Their cost is about \$5 each, which means an expenditure of \$520 for signs. Their erection, it is reported, would cost about \$3 each, making a total cost of \$352 for the signs and their placing.

+

Ranch Club Will Stage Summer Recreation

On Monday the summer season for the Mission Ranch Club will officially start with a program of recreational activities for all ages. Besides the regular bridge tournaments, badminton matches and dances, there will be instruction given in tennis, swimming, badminton, contract bridge and ballroom dancing.

Miss Marguerite Moll, who has already developed many fine players at the Club, will be the badminton instructor. She is well known on the Peninsula for her fine playing of this sport as well as her teaching ability.

Other activities will be under the direction of Mrs. Miriam Watson, who has had wide experience in the teaching of sports and dancing. She taught physical education at Monterey Union High School, was director of recreation of Oakland playgrounds and has taught dancing to many groups on the Peninsula. She has arranged a special course in contract bridge for beginners.

The classes in swimming and tennis for children will meet daily from Monday to Friday. These activities will be taught in courses of 10 lessons. New courses will start June 13, 27, July 11, 25, August 1 and 15. Mike Stubbs, the new life-guard at the club, is also a licensed Swedish masseur and these treatments will be available to members.

Besides class instruction Miss Moll and Mrs. Watson will be available for private instruction by appointment at the club. For further information and enrollment, telephone the Mission Ranch Club, Carmel 103.

Pup Steals Show At Marionettes

Caesar is a temperamental young blade of a pup who steals the show from the entire company at John and Mitzi's Marionette Theatre. Caesar has a silverish body, headed off by a winsome face and big black eyes. He's afraid of the footlights and he's shy of the audience. But you remember him, after the muscular prima donna and several others have done their acts. You wish he could go with Kathie through the dark forest when she is looking for the Silver Bell. Caesar would find the bell, all right, all right.

Kathie is a beauty in plain clothes (at first) and she is very good. She keeps company with a flaxen-haired angel. She gets to marry a prince (in very fine clothes indeed). It all proves that only the good survive . . . and get a Silver Bell to tinkle through the lonely places.

Seriously speaking, John and Mitzi have arranged amusing entertainment and done an exceptional job of making and dressing the marionettes, which they manipulate so cleverly that we sort of forget that they're stuffed with straw or old socks, or whatever it is they have inside of them.

We liked the slapstick beat . . . remembering guignols in French parks. We liked the flying and running and smacking better than the standing still and the einging. That's because a marionette has no facial movements, and there is no surprise at the end of a song as there is at the end of a scrapping fracas.

Looking at the Merry Huntsman's beautiful hair and the old witch's snaggle tooth we had a wonderful time, gently lifting the flap on the little tent of our childhood.

—K. W.

Orre Haseltine Is League Hostess

At the lovely Carmel Valley home of Miss Orre Haseltine on Wednesday, the League of Women Voters held its last meeting of the season. It was an all-day session, with the following committee reports in the morning: Miss Orre Haseltine, finance; Mrs. Howard Walters, government and its operation; Mrs. Howard Clark, foreign policy; Mrs. B. D. Marx Greene, treasurer's report; Mrs. T. G. Emmons on the Salinas group; Mrs. Dorothy Chapman, legislation; Mrs. C. A. T. Cabanis, legislation; Mrs. Ritter Holman, program; Mrs. J. P. Sandholdt, juvenile condition survey. Miss Lydia Weld, president, was in the chair.

Miss L. Tolman, State Personnel chairman, made a vital and convincing talk on the importance of a qualified public personnel and after a charming luncheon on the lawn Mr. Herbert Heron read "The Life of Susan B. Anthony" to an interested audience.

The business of the year was concluded in beautiful surroundings and with a general feeling of good work well done.

+

Colonel and Mrs. E. Seeley-Smith left last week to return to their home in London, Ontario, Canada, after spending the last six months in Carmel. They plan to return here in the fall.

Guests of the Mission Ranch Club are Miss Dallas James of Boston and Mrs. Clarence Shoop of Los Angeles.

+

Cymbal Classified Ads Pay—

LEGAL NOTICE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY.

In the Matter of the Estate of ADOLF FREDERIC BECHDOLT, also known as Adolf F. Bechdolt, Deceased. No. 6293.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executor of the Estate of Adolf Frederic Bechdolt, also known as Adolf F. Bechdolt, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers in the office of the Clerk of the above entitled Court at Salinas or to present them with the necessary vouchers to the said Executor at the law office of Sheldburn Robinson and Argyll Campbell, Tower Room, New Post Office Building, Carmel-by-the-Sea (same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate), in the County of Monterey, State of California, within six months after the first publication of this Notice.

Dated this 6th day of June, 1938.

FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT
Executor of the Estate of Adolf Frederic Bechdolt, also known as Adolf F. Bechdolt, deceased.

ARGYLL CAMPBELL and SHELBURN ROBINSON
Attorneys for Executor
Date of first publication, June 10, 1938
Date of last publication, July 8, 1938

New Art Gallery Goes Up Apace

We went up to take a look at the framework of the new Carmel Art Gallery the other day, not expecting to find it very exciting at that stage of the game, but what a surprise we got and before we left we were foolishly muttering dazedly, "Janie, it's simply marvelous" over and over again. And it is going to be a wonderful thing for Carmel. Not only is it going to be a good-looking building but it is a beautifully planned and arranged building. It will be cheerful and well lighted and there won't be a squeaky floor which is our pet peeve in the old gallery.

You will go through the door into the foyer where Janie will be seated at a desk and she will greet you with her swell smile which always makes the day much brighter. Then after you have stopped for a minute's chat you can go straight ahead or you can turn to your right. If you turn to your right you will find yourself in the main gallery. Here you will seat yourself on a bench and enjoy the current exhibit in a perfectly-proportioned room. At one end there will be sliding doors to separate the water-colors from the oils. Of course the larger section will be for the oils. But if you go through the door straight ahead you will find yourself in a small simple room which will be the sale room. On one wall of this room there will be one picture hung. From here you will be able to go out onto a charming little patio with a chalk rock wall. And there is a little kitchen tucked away in the building where tea will be brewed on some days, so we were told. There is also a print room and this is a very tricky idea. You will go through a door of the new gallery and find yourself in the print room of the old gallery.

We aren't going to wander up and pester Clay about seeing how things are progressing each day, but we can't promise that we won't do some investigating each week. Carmel will have something to be very proud of when the gallery is completed in August and people here can stand with swelling chests and say to out-of-town friends, "This is our new art gallery" and the friends won't be able to keep themselves from saying, "What a very fine art gallery it is."

—S. F.

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CARMEL VALLEY PROPERTY. Attractive house. 1 1/2 acres. Very reasonable. NEWELL & STRAITH. Dolores and 8th. Telephone 303. (22)

FOUR AND ONE-HALF lots. Duplex furnished house. Walking distance to beach. Ready for occupancy. Priced for quick sale. Under \$10,000. GLADYS R. JOHNSTON. Ocean Avenue. Telephone 98. (22)

ATTRACTIVE 2-BEDROOM house. Fireplace. Floor furnace. Two lots. Bargain. Phone Carmel 786. (24)

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TWO BEDROOM modern cottage. Furnished except bedding and linen. \$35 a month on lease. GLADYS R. JOHNSTON. Ocean Avenue. Telephone 98. (23)

ROOMS TO RENT

ROOM with private bath, garage and breakfast. \$35 per month. Box 373, Carmel. (23)

WANT TO RENT

PINECREST. Cabin on Lake Strawberry in the Sierras. Guest tent. Boat. \$125 month. Available now for the season. Telephone Carmel 902. (22)

JOBS WANTED

YOUNG LADY DESIRES position in Carmel as stenographer, secretarial or general clerical work. Address Box L-26, Cymbal Office. (24)

LOST AND FOUND

Dogs and Cats

YELLOW KITTEN strayed from Golden Bough Court. We miss him badly. Have you found him? Box 178. (23)

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DOGS. Board. Personal care at country home. Tel. Monterey 7096. (23)

FOUR PUPPIES. Scotties. For sale. Price \$5 each on account of circumstances. Can be seen in car parked in front of Jack and Jill Shop, Lincoln Street. (22)

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SPARTAN RADIO. Used only five months. Cost \$139.50. Sell \$100. Phone 620. (23)

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Mutual Don Lee Network, Sun. 10:15 A.M.

GREYHOUND

Cymbal Classified Ads Pay—

Sally Finds Art Gallery Exhibit Both Exciting and Refreshing

The June exhibit at the Carmel Art Gallery is exciting and refreshing. It is undoubtedly the best show I have ever seen there, both in the selection of paintings and in the way in which they are hung. The bright spring-like colors in the pictures may be due to the fact that the cards sent out to the artists suggested that they bring local scenes. You will really see our own ocean, valley, cypress trees, artichoke fields, sea gulls, oak trees and spray-washed rocks by about 16 different artists who have handled the subjects in their own individual ways. These paintings are particularly interesting to Easterners who like to take back pictures that will recapture the mood of the country for them.

After studying William Ritschel's paintings in the last four or five shows it has become increasingly evident that he is able to get the brilliance of the ocean through the genius of his art to use pigment that really produces the blinding brilliance of sunlight on breaking waves. His "Opal Sea" in this show is a fine example.

John O'Shea is represented in the show with two strongly contrasting paintings of hills. One is of Carmel Valley in the dead of summer with the stark brown hills deeply shadowed by canyons. The other is one of the highest points in Hawaii showing the peculiar coloration that is characteristic of that locality.

It would be hard to comment on every picture in the gallery so I will only mention the ones that impressed me particularly. There are two small oils by Arthur Hill Gilbert which are perfect examples of the local landscape. His ability to obtain texture and to produce faithfully that sky which is California's, sometimes heavy with fog clouds and sometimes almost white at noon, is always part of a Gilbert picture.

Modern paintings are more often a challenge to my understanding than to my desire to own one. Their colors are generally bright and uncompromising and their viewpoint is often a complete mystery as far as I'm concerned. However, they are here. Whether they remain in their present form or not is still to be seen. That they are frankly experimental with the exception of a few, the modern artist himself will usually admit. But every live gallery should be willing to search out values in paintings regardless of the school they represent and our gallery is showing fine open-minded hospitality to what its jury considers valuable in the modern art being done by its members. Attracting a great deal of attention in the center of one of the long walls is Barbara Stephenson's "Spring." She has used a modern treatment in using colors. It is a painting of an imarticulate colored nude figure with spring flowers in her arms. There is a great deal of pathos in the painting and although I found the figure rather revolting there is a definite emotional reaction. You should see this painting to find out what your reaction would be. Barbara is still in her early twenties and a serious painter.

Other moderns shown are Leslie Wulff, Louise Jenkins (the green in her vineyard is something to take a trip to the gallery to see), Abbie Lou Bosworth, Alice R. Comins, and Henrietta Shore.

Another picture which caught our fancy—George Koch's charming group of mountain goats done in tempera. There is a lovely contrast of greens in the small canvas and a fresh rather fragile setting for the goats. And, of course, Burton Boundey and, of course, Myron Oliver, whose paintings always and truly delight me. And still another picture which I liked very much was Janette Maxfield Lewis' "Sunny Cove."

As a matter of fact the whole exhibit was so fine that I regret my lack of space and wish I could say something about every picture and something more about the ones I have already spoken of. An orchid to every member of the jury and hanging committee!

Other exhibitors were M. De Neale Morgan, Oma Perry, Emma Kraft, Ferdinand Burgdorff, Howard E. Smith, Edda M. Heath, Harold Knott, James Fitzgerald, Celia Sevmour, Richard Taggart, Thomas McGivvin, Josephine Culbertson and Ralph Coote.

—SALLY FRY

Children's Day at Community

"Children's Day" will be observed at two services on Sunday morning at the Community Church. At 9:45 the boys and girls of the Church School will present a program of songs, recitations, and exercises representing the value of religious education for the children. The entire primary department, and the junior choir will participate. A special offering will be taken for the Student Loan Fund, an annual offering of this church.

At 11 o'clock there will be a baptismal service and the reception of Church members. Homer S. Bodley, the pastor, will speak on "A Child in the Midst." There will be special music.

The Rev. and Mrs. Bodley and family will leave for the annual conference of the Methodist Church at Stockton on Sunday afternoon. Dr. L. E. Learned will supply the pulpit on Sunday, June 19.

REPUBLICAN WOMEN TO MEET TONIGHT AT PINE INN

The California Council of Republican Women will meet tonight at Pine Inn at 8 o'clock at which time the organization plans will be completed. This is a Woman's Auxiliary to the central committee of the county and state. All women of the Monterey Peninsula are invited to be present.

Anna Marie Walks Busman's Steps

Anna Marie Baer will spend her vacation conducting the Children's Classes at the Carmel Art Institute. To us it sounds like the proverbial "vacation" because she has been teaching art at Sunset School all year. In fact, she has been teaching there for seven years. Six in a row, then last year while she went to Columbia for a Bachelor's degree in art, then back again this year.

Anna Marie's idea of teaching is not the fostering of budding geniuses but the true educator's concern with the opening up of the field of art to all children, whether gifted or not, in order to stimulate a life interest. Anna Marie believes that in authentic art expression there is an exceptional opportunity to aid in the development of a well-integrated personality.

Because of this, Anna Marie has been singularly successful. So much so that the work of her pupils has won statewide recognition for its originality as well as for its technique. Leading art teachers and educators have been enthusiastic over the work done in her classes. Some of it has been reproduced in art magazines. A show at Columbia University attracted much attention. In fact, Anna Marie has a way with her all right—and the results are amazing.

This unusual young teacher won the Dean's Scholarship while she was at Columbia last year. The award is for active participation in the art department. Anna Marie was not only President of the Fine Arts Club but she also directed a project intended to acquaint non-art students with art in New York City. She met this group at various galleries and museums to conduct illustrated lectures.

Before leaving Columbia, Anna Marie was offered several good jobs, none of which she would take. Sunset School is where she wanted to be, and Sunset School is where

she is. Besides, she is writing a book, "Creative Art Teaching."

Kit Whitman deserves another branch of sweet plums for getting Anna Marie on the list of renowned and really outstanding instructors at the Carmel Art Institute.

Classes will be on Monday mornings and Thursday afternoons of each week for six weeks, starting June 13. The classes are open to any child over six who wants to play the fascinating game of making lines move and bend and burst into sketches all his very own.

++

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"Back in jolly old England a tea kettle is treated with some respect. A tea kettle is kept to its traditional use of boiling water with which to make a 'spot o' tea.' But here in the good old U. S. A. there are folk who make me boiling mad. They expect too much from me.

"To my way of thinking, hot water should come a-running from a pipe when silken dainties are due for washing, when the family dog is to be scraped and scrubbed, or a little boy's hands need whitening up, or a little girl's hair is to be shampooed to silky softness." signed TOMMY TRAKETILE

Heating water in a tea kettle is expensive. More heat escapes into the kitchen than goes into the water. But hot water from an Automatic Gas Water Heater, where water is kept stored hot in an insulated tank is very low priced hot water service. Today you can buy an Automatic Gas Water Heater for your home for as little as ten cents a day. Then you will have hot water service that is faithfully yours 24 hours a day, for bath, showers, dishwashing, cleaning, and a score of other conveniences.



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